

## DON'T LAUGH—YOU! THESE SPORTS WILL MAKE, SHAKE, MILLIONS

There's Money Here

WELL, old chap, you've had a peep at Ice Hockey, Speedway, Table Tennis and Basketball, each an established sport and each waiting eagerly to renew its acquaintance with the sporting public as soon as the "cease fire" has sounded.

You've been sort of taken behind the scenes, and I hope that you have enjoyed the experience.

There are two other sports which I would like you to see, for a very particular reason... Midget Car Racing (known as Doodle Dicing) and Roller Skate Racing... (abbreviated to Roller Racing)... Both are offshoots of old-established sports, and both were definitely making names for themselves.

I have my own opinion of each, but I'm not going to thrust it on you... all I want to do is to take you to each, so that when they are mentioned in company you will at least know what you are listening to, and, furthermore, be able to give your own opinion.

Doodle Dicing had to fight a lot of opposition (like all new sports), and Roller Racing seemed to appeal to one section of the public, but appeal strongly enough to prolong its run over the originally intended period of introduction.

Let's go to Lea Bridge and meet Jimmy Baxter, founder of the original Speedway League; he's got a meeting this afternoon.

IN 1938 Jimmy realised the potentialities of these midget cars which had invaded the U.S.A. (and from a humble beginning reached 300 tracks in no time, and decided to take them to Holland, promptly making a hit with the Dutch people.

This encouraged him to try the sport on the British public, and with a staff of four, an over-abundance of enthusiasm, and a small shed at Lea Bridge, he made a start on the organisation.

Opened at Coventry with twelve drivers and seven cars, and was convinced from the start that the sport had a future providing a standard car could be produced.

Took into partnership Harry Skirrow, one-armed wonder-driver and mechanical genius, and Skirrow (who hails from Ambleside) conceived the "Skirrow Special," realising, after numerous experiments, that a four-wheel-driven car was essential.

Now thirty drivers have their own cars, and, forming five complete teams, have joined forces to make Jimmy Baxter's dream of a Speedway Car League come true.

By the way, 29 of these boys are English lads, and damn smart at the game. The odd one, Spike Rhiando, is an American who graduated into the game from such fire-side pastimes as parachute jumping and "Wall of Death" riding, so you can imagine he is not regarded as small fry as far as opposition is concerned.

Well, here we are. BANG!... there they go. Number 53 (that's Spike Rhiando, if you didn't guess) is doing his stuff already... he's trying to force a way through that needle opening, but five other cars cut him out with their spell-

binding "power-sliding" as they rounded the bend. (Did they go round it, or did they just cut across by skidding sideways and reducing the bend to a straight?) and Spike finds he is still in the rear... He won't accept that for an answer... just watch his tricks.

Another "power-slide" at the second bend, but Spike didn't wait for the dust-storm... Did you see him run to the top of the banking and get his slide in before the other guys?... Gosh! He nearly hit the fencing, but he's done it O.K.

While the rest of the party were doing a "you-can't-break-through-us" slide, which seemed to occupy the full width of the track, the American dived to the inside and cut through, to shoot along the straight, and they'll never see anything but his back from now on.

Sorry... I spoke too soon.

Number 51, dour North Countryman Walter Mackereth isn't taking it like that; he's left the remainder and is chasing Rhiando... the pair seem to be changing places as each goes from top to bottom of the banking.

Pretty galling, of course, to find yourself facing the wrong direction, watching your opponent swoop past, but then, Rhiando should have known that he couldn't take liberties with Mackereth... if he didn't know before, he'll be convinced now, at any rate.

Still, he had a grandstand seat of Walter flashing past the post, and giving credit where it is due, it is a rare view for the American... I think we shall see him reverse that before the day is over.

Take an eyeful of the races while I chat to Jimmy Baxter, and don't hang over the safety fence... Sometimes a car gets too familiar and insists on coming right into the parlour.

Oh, you saw a smash, did you? Pretty close, I guess... Oh, no, nothing serious... the driver escaped unhurt, but some of the crowd who draped themselves over the fence (just like I warned you NOT to do) received some unpleasant cuts.

Oh... no, he isn't a Spaniard... English public school boy, as a matter of fact, Basil de Mattos by name... as crazy on cars as he is on horse-riding, and he's a darned good driver, too.

They're all good scouts anyway... everyone of them experts and great sports... most likeable boys.

Here's the other reason for the increasing popularity of this sport. It provides speed and daring and requires terrific



skill... just the ingredients racing, of course) is round for present-day youth's ideal about three years.

There's a 25,000-mile team race going on, you know... international event which carries on for days, the team notching the most miles at the end of a given period taking the kitty. To liven up the party, sort of, prizes are announced for lap speeds, and, of course, these youngsters are all out to collect dollars while the going is good.

Listen to the referee announce the event... just gives the teams time to sort themselves out... you see, some of them have been sleeping on those beds in the centre of the arena (they did their stuff earlier in the evening, and are getting ready for "special" events like this). Here they come. This is roller-skating plus.

That boy there, John Cazar, is a positive terror; he has no scruples and goes all out to win, regardless of criticism... need hardly say the rivalry is terrific.

Here they come, cruising around and planning tactics... watch the speed they take the corners at... over 25 miles an hour... boys and girls mix it without any thought of "ladies first" or anything which might be mistaken for chivalry.

Already the teams are getting grouped... then pace-makers are ahead trying to bluff the remainder... you can't get too far behind, you know... nothing like a lap, or you'd never recover it, so the crowd must keep near the pace-makers, whether they want to or not.

Referees' and linesmen's fees are as modest as footballers'. The maximum was two guineas for the referee in cup-ties, with three guineas for the semi-final and five guineas for the Final. The linesmen got one guinea, one and a half guineas and two guineas for the same matches.

Just before the war the leading clubs were enjoying unparalleled prosperity, as more and more spectators paid their shillings, half-crowns, and even 10s.

Arsenal took nearly £60,000 in receipts from League matches, including a record of £9,000 for season tickets.

Now, watch that team actually stretch itself across the track... see... their arms are interlocked... no intention of letting anyone pass... Look... there's Joyce Bullock, captain of U.S.A. girls' team... She's working up quite a temper as she vainly tries to break through.

She can't wait... boy, oh boy! watch her... she's taking a leap and trying to break the chain of arms... she's done it, but in the process has caused a pile-up... now for fun and games.

The referee has become involved... someone has caught him a beauty on the nose, and he's too dazed to figure out who threw it... now the battle really is getting under way... that crazy fan has managed to get over the fence, but the banking was too steep and he's doing a slide on the seat of his pants... won't do his clothes much good, to say the least of it.

Ah... the windmilling has stopped, thanks to the intervention of half the staff... now we'll see whole teams penalised.

Gosh! They won't accept the referee's punishment... there's Jimmy Reid and Joe O'Neil staging a three-cornered contest... any applicants for the referee's job? Not on your life, eh?

The point is that these kids are kings of showmanship... they can fake a show which gets the spectators hay-wire, yet they are each and all champion skaters, so that if you want the best skating, here it is... and if you like a spot of free-for-all... well, it's right here for the watching.

Make no mistake about it, old chap, you and I and a few million others have got to toe the line!

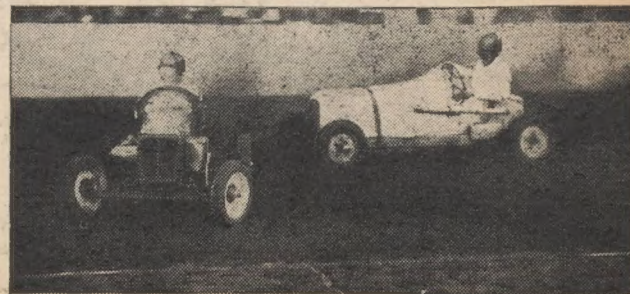
These new sports are swift and thrilling, and you must remember the whole world is speed mad... just had to be, to keep pace with enemy opposition... Same in sport.

Its whole future depends on its ability to hold a people who have reached new heights in sensation and speed and won't be satisfied with the mediocre.

I've given you a glimpse of some of the crowd-holders... Bet you what you like I'll be seeing you again... and lots of your friends and their friends and families... there's no resisting.

Yes, and I'll also bet you'll be wearing one or other... if not more... of those Supporters' Club badges I told you about. THAT also is inevitable... because you've got to get INSIDE these sports to get the most OUT of them.

I'll be seeing you, yer. Cheerio for now.



## Here, too, there's Hard Cash—FOOTBALL

THERE is not much money in football in war-time, at any rate for the players. Sixty thousand people in Manchester paid £10,000 to see England beat Scotland by 8-0.

But the English team received only £4 each, and this is double the maximum permitted for an ordinary match. The £2 of 1943 represented a rise of 10s. on the 1942 figure.

Even in peace, not a great deal of football's millions come the way of the players, for £8 a week was the agreed maxi-

mum weekly salary. There were other sources of earning open to leading players, but no player made a fortune out of football as men have done out of boxing, tennis and other sports.

The "big money" was in transfers, and on this basis the English team is "worth" £100,000. It is an oddity of the game's finance that whatever a club pays for a player, he gets £8 a week while playing and £6 during the summer.

He gets also a match bonus at £1 a point, and may get other bonuses and benefits, but his earnings from his skill will not reach £500 a year.

Characteristically, the Football Association, which controls the sport, has a nominal capital of £100 worth of shares and an issued capital of 502 shares

(nothing paid up). On this, in a good year, it has a "turn-over" of £50,000.

Of course, it makes no profit out of the game, but makes grants to such things as King George's Memorial Fund and the League Insurance Federation. Its income is from entrance fees and subscriptions, semi-final and final ties, and from international matches. Internationals in 1937 brought it £10,000, and the Wembley Final over £15,000.

Three million pounds is a moderate estimate of the sum paid by millions to pass through the turnstiles.

The gatemen at a typical ground (Arsenal Stadium) got 7s., and there were 80 of them. The number of men paid by a football club is surprising. For instance, £2,000



# WANGLING WORDS—207

1. Put a garden in CR . . . . CE and make belief.
2. Rearrange the letters of COLD ANTS and make a country.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BAIT into HOOK, LOAN into LEND, CLOTH into SUITS, HALF into SEAS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PROBABILITY?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 206

1. President.
2. MASSACHUSETTS.
3. WEEKS, WEEDS, WENDS, BENDS, BEADS, BEATS, BOATS, BOOTS, BOOTH, SOOTH, SOUTH, MOUTH, MONTM.
4. LAMB, LAMP, DAMP, DAMN, DARN, BARN, BORN, BOON, COON, COOP, CHOP, WARM, FARM, FARE, BARE, BARS, BATS, BATH, ACES, APES, APED, SPED, SHED, SHOD, SHOT, SPOT.
4. Type, Writ, Trip, Tire, Tier, Pert, Wert, Weep, Tyre, Wipe, Wire, Were, Pyre, Ripe, Pier, Peer, Wept, Site, Ties, Rise, Sire, Spry, Seep, Pets, Step, etc.
- Write, Tripe, Peter, Trite, Steep, Rites, Wrist, Twist, Sweet, Straw, Sweep, Prise, Spire, etc.

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Moths don't eat clothes; they can't. The moth lays eggs on cloth, and the cloth is eaten by grubs as they are hatched.

The making of sabots, or rough clogs, was originally termed sabotier. Later the word meant any work clumsily done. In modern parlance it means any task which is deliberately done badly, that is, wrecking work. The word now takes the form sabotage.

A new uniform is anathema to the Caucasian Cosack, and he tears and begrimes it to make it look as though it had seen service. Russian military tailors cater for him with "new" tattered uniforms.

A "deficiency disease" is one due to lack of vitamins in food. Scurvy, which is a deficiency disease, was averted by Captain Cook on the "Endeavour" by giving the men lime or lemon juice.

Among safety devices on electric trains is the dead man's handle. There is a switch on the handle which must be kept down by the operator, else the current is interrupted and the train stops.

## JANE



# To-day's Brains Trust

# QUIZ for today

THE Brains Trust to-day consists of a Professor of Natural History, a Psychologist, a Circus Proprietor, and a Philosopher, and the question is:—

**Can animals count? Horses and other animals have been exhibited at circuses as capable of counting, and their performances seem remarkable. But are they genuine?**

**Circus Proprietor:** "I feel a bit like the prisoner in the dock, but I can say quite honestly that I think the more intelligent animals, such as horses and dogs, can count. I have known animal trainers who have achieved astonishing results. Of course, they use the tricks of the trade, but I find it impossible to attribute all their results to mere trickery."

**Psychologist:** "I have seen many of those tricks, but not one for which I could not account. Sometimes the exhibitor has blocks of wood with numbers painted on them, and the animals will push these about till they form some simple sum, such as  $1 + 2 = 3$ .

"But since the animal sniffs over all the blocks, it has only to be trained to push the one reached when its master makes some sort of signal, such as a faint whistle or a threatening gesture."

"I do not believe the animals could do their sums in the absence of their masters."

**Philosopher:** "I think an important point to settle is whether the animals can distinguish between the different

blocks by their appearance alone. It does not seem to me at all likely that the figures painted on the blocks are observed by the animals at all, but if they are, it seems incredible that they should convey any meaning."

**Psychologist:** "Of course it is quite incredible. If they play any part at all, they can only be distinguishing marks—not in any sense mathematical symbols."

**Circus Proprietor:** "But I once had a dog which would fetch any number asked for. You had only to say to him, 'Go and fetch number five!' and he would always bring the right block."

**Professor:** "Yes, but that does not mean that he knew the meaning of 'five.' He had just been trained to fetch that particular block when he heard that particular sound. The process is very well understood."

"But though these tricks certainly do not show that animals can count, I think that there is other evidence to show that the higher animals can at least distinguish between quantities."

"Horses can distinguish between varying quantities of sugar, and I suppose most animals know the difference between 'none' and 'some.'"

**Psychologist:** "Birds are usually indifferent to the number of eggs in their nests, though some show perturbation when all but the last egg is taken."

"That cats cannot count is demonstrated by their behaviour when their kittens are threatened with danger. The mother-cat will remove her kittens to a place of safety

which has given real indications of an ability to count is the ape, but even here the conclusions drawn from the evidence may be false."

"Dr. Romanes had an ape



one by one, but will always make an extra journey, at whatever hazard, to see if there are any more left."

**Professor:** "The only animal

called Sally which seemed to be able to give any number of straws asked for, up to five."

"When Sally was in a hurry to get her reward, she sometimes bent a straw so that its two ends stuck out between her finger and thumb, thus making one count for two. When she found that the reward was refused, she would straighten the bent straw and pick up another one."

**Philosopher:** "If apes can really count up to five, that is a most extraordinary thing, for the Tasmanian aborigines—who were men, and a long way in advance of any sort of ape—could only count up to four."

## WORDS, WORDS!

Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity; but what's the odds, so long as you're happy?

Du Maurier's "Trilby."

Not till the fire is dying in the grate, Look we for any kinship with the stars.

George Meredith.

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



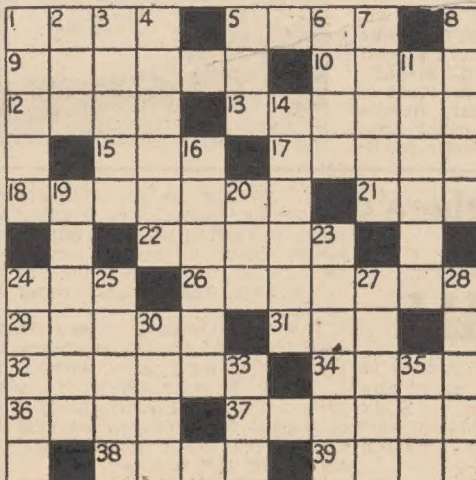
## WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 251: The Feather from a Swallow's tail.

## USELESS EUSTACE



## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

1. Glide over.
2. Oaf.
3. Wig.
4. Exceptional.
5. Complete part.
6. Rank.
7. Make entreaty.
8. Repairs.
9. Heighten.
10. Observe.
11. Girl's name.
12. Quoted exactly.
13. Staggers.
14. Shut up.
15. Age.
16. Turn in repugnance.
17. Create.
18. Surface.
19. Piled.
20. Weight system.
21. Support.

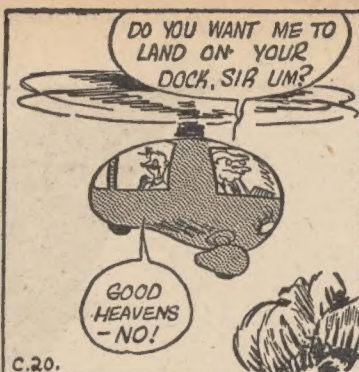
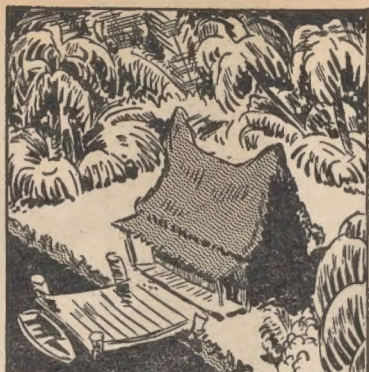
### CLUES DOWN.

1. Foam.
2. Know.
3. Language.
4. Felt by both.
5. Guided.
6. Impel.
7. Mountain lakes.
8. Edible birds.
9. Counterbalance.
10. Come into view.
11. Hard coating.
12. Metal-worker.
13. Hint.
14. Sweet smells.
15. Skinny one.
16. Long to possess.
17. Unskilful.
18. Shabby.
19. Mount high.
20. Possessive pronoun.
21. Alpine parrot.

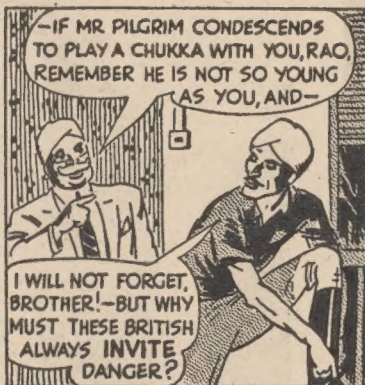
SCRAPE PAST LOON NEIGH AHOY JAGUAR MET COG EGO RELAYED A PEDAL RIDER E COLLEEN ASP RAY LAD TURNIP RUBY ROUES OGLE NEWT EXCEED



## BEELZEBUB JONES



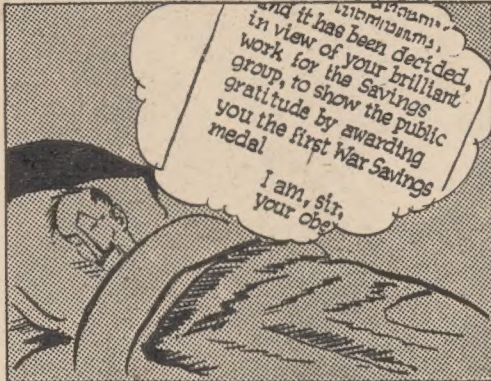
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



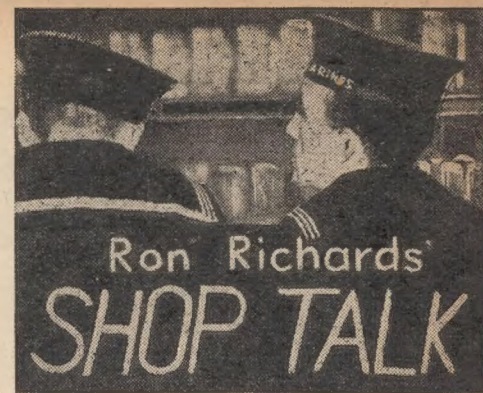
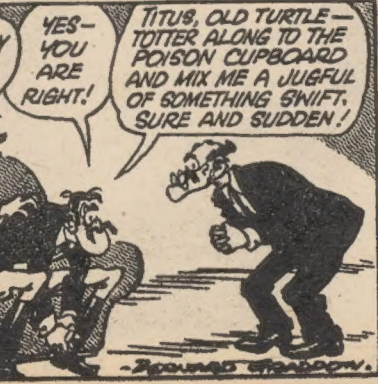
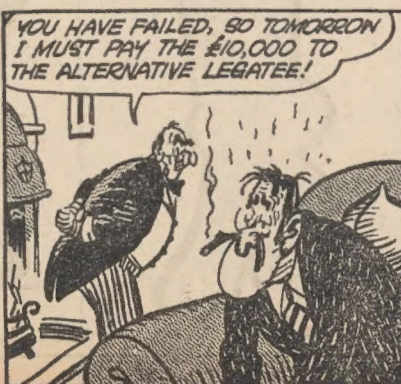
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



A BIG man half in submarines is SIR CHARLES CRAVEN, or "The Commander," as he is known to every employee in the yards of Vickers-Armstrong Ltd.

At twenty-two he was a submarine commander, and when World War No. 1 opened he returned to the Service. Two years later he was back in the shipyard.

He has been described as the world's best seller of ships. He is a big man himself—six feet tall—has a big heart, and does everything in a big way. If he has spoken to you once, ten-to-one he'll never forget your face. It was once said that he knew every one of the 20,000 or so men, women, boys and girls employed at the works. That's probably a tale told to the Marines, but certain it is that scores of folk in the yards it's a "Well, how's it with you, Tom?" or "How's the Missus, Harry?" or "Did that little lass of yours get her scholarship, Bill?"

A big man, the Commander!

THE pages devoted to submariners in the celebrities' visitors' book in Fleet Street's "King and Keys" are filling. In fact, I can foresee the day when a trail will be discernible in the paving stones from there to this office.

And talking of visitors' books, MRS. TRAPP'S "TUNA VILLA" book is perhaps one of the most amusing of the war. From the forwarding address column I make some extractions: Edwin Ernest Peter Heather, who opens the book, and who is married to Mrs. Trapp's daughter, says, "I'll not forget, where e'er I rove, I met my doom at Ivy Grove." (Ivy Grove is the correct name of the house.) His date of departure is "When Hell freezes."

J. A. Turnnor, also of "Tuna," wants correspondence forwarded to "Aggie's Passage," while W. H. Cowley, of "Truculent," put "Number Two Bench, Hyde Park."

Others say, "On the Bridge," "Berlin," "U.S.S.R.," "Poor House, Rochdale" (that, by the way, was another "Tuna" guy, namely, Sam Roberts), and "Home."

Personally, I go for the first and fifth.

IF anyone has been delighted at the sight of a BRITISH SUBMARINE it surely must have been Pilot Officer Keith Eula Hopkins, of the Fleet Air Arm.

Hopkins, who has since been awarded the D.F.C., had led a formation of aircraft in an attack on U-boats and had shot down an Arado seaplane when his own aircraft was hit by flak.

Later, when he was forced to ditch his aircraft, he and his navigator escaped in their rubber dinghy.

They had been several hours in the water when a British submarine surfaced alongside their dinghy.

"I couldn't have been more surprised if Hitler had come down the chimney dressed as Santa Claus," said Hopkins later.

The commanding officer of the submarine had seen the men take to the dinghy, and had been waiting submerged nearby until dusk to rescue them.

It is easy to imagine the skipper throwing open the hatch and shouting "Surprise."

LYDD'S List gives me this paragraph:—

"Although only 41 years of age, Chief Electrical Artificer Anthony Clarke, of Copnor, near Portsmouth, is not only the eldest of the ship's company of the submarine H.M.S. 'Sunfish,' but one of the oldest of the seagoing personnel of the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy.

"By normal standards he is a young man, but the exacting demands of the Submarine Service makes an 'over forty' a rarity.

"The veteran tradition is nothing new in the Clarke family. Anthony Clarke's father was, at 63 years of age, in command of a trawler in the last war.

"The son joined the Navy in 1918, and after service in the battleship H.M.S. 'Nelson,' transferred to submarines. In 15 years' seagoing service in this branch of the Service he has served on board ten different submarines, including such famous boats as the 'Proteus,' 'Seawolf' and 'Thunderbolt.'

"His experience of submarine warfare is among the richest in the Service."

Ron Richards



## Bonnie Scotland

Evening on the Spey,  
near Boat of Garten,  
Aberdeenshire.



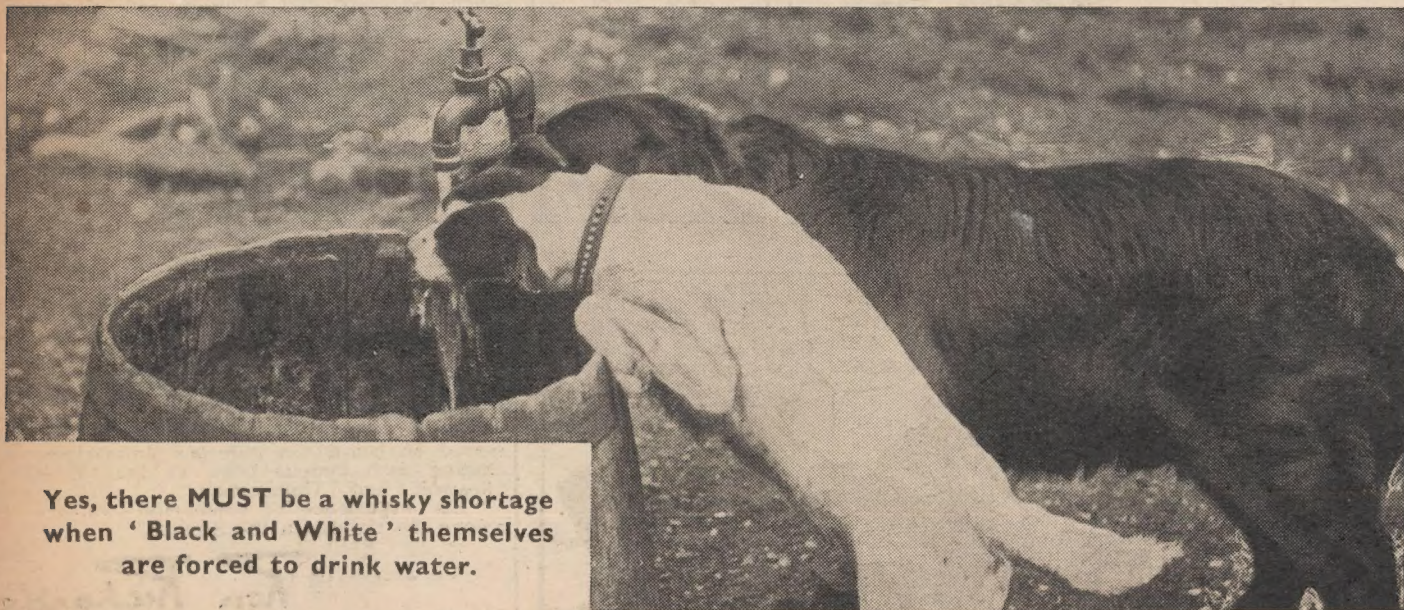
No use trying to look sheepish, old lady. Not every mother has such lovely triplets, you know.



AND WHY SHOULDN'T A GUY CARVE  
A CAREER FOR HIMSELF?



★  
"Gosh! Don't say Betty Grable is surrendering as pleasantly as that."  
★



Yes, there **MUST** be a whisky shortage when 'Black and White' themselves are forced to drink water.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gee . . . What lovely footwear."

